PETO. The king your father is at Westminster;
And there are twenty weak and wearied posts,
Come from the north: and, as I came along,
I met, and overtook, a dozen captains,
Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns,
And asking every one for sir John Falstaff.

E HEN. By heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame,
So idly to profane the precious time;
When tempest of commotion, like the south
Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt,
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.
Give me my sword, and cloak: — Falstaff, good night.

[Exeunt Prince HENRY, POINS, PETO, and

FAL. Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night, and we must hence, and leave it unpicked*

[Knocking heard] More knocking at the door?

Re-enter BARDOLPH.

How now? what's the matter?

BARD. You must away to court, sir, presently: a dozen captains stay at door for you.

FAL. Pay the musicians, sirrah. [To *the Page.*] — Farewell, hostess; — farewell, Doll. — You see, my good wenches, how men of merit are sought after: the undeserver may sleep, when the man of action is called on. Farewell, good wenches: If I be not sent away post, I will see you again ere I go.

DOL. I cannot speak; — If my heart be not ready to burst: — Well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.

FAL. Farewell, farewell.

[Exeunt FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

HOST. Well, fare thee well : I have known thee these twenty-nine years, come peascod-time ; but